4

THE CHAINED WIFE

OR

THE FRIGHTFUL SUFFERINGS OF

MARY LESLEY.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL, WHO FOOLISHLY MARRIED

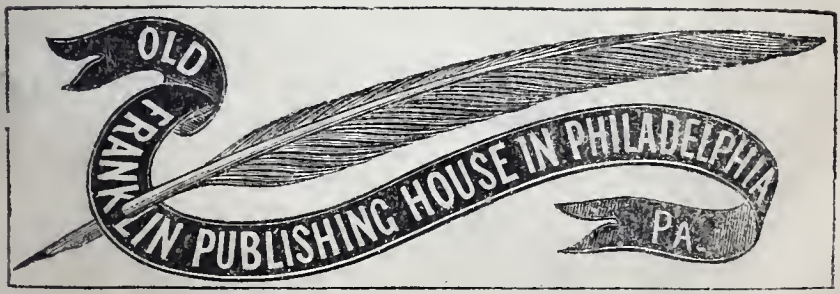
THE NOTORIOUS LORD GORDON

WHO LATELY COMMITTED SUICIDE.

AN EVENTFUL HISTORY.

FULL OF WARNING TO AMERICAN GIRLS NOT TO BE
LED AWAY BY THE GLITTER OF BOGUS
EUROPEAN ARISTOCRATS.

PUBLISHED BY



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THE CHAINED WIFE.

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THIS awful affair, which has lately been brought to light in the city of London, may serve as a warning to our American women, not to suffer themselves to be deluded by the tinsel glitter of wealth and excessively high respectability of foreigners. There are several false pretences about Americans as a nation. About the meanest is, that while we are eternally boasting of our great Republic, and its institutions, we are persistently toadying to the aristocracy of Europe; very often too, in such a servile manner as to make ourselves the laughing stocks of the identical Lords Lofties we seek to so nauseously flatter. It has come to be quite a fashionable thing now for the wild sons and scions of wealthy people in Europe to make trips to America for "*Larks*" as they call it. The meaning of this, in plain language, is that these contemptible rakes come here to victimize the silly daughters of our would-be fashionable families, who have plenty of money, obtained by the genteel stealings of public office, or the equally dishonest stock operations of Wall Street.

The case, however, which has given the foundation for the following narrative, has a somewhat different phase, though it exhibits the same general brutality and lack of honor on the part of the fellow, Gordon, as do the bolder acts of men of his class.

HOW GORDON AND MARY BECAME ACQUAINTED.

Mary Lesley was the eldest daughter of John X. Lesley of this city. The father—now dead—was a well-to-do carpenter, who by his own industry and thrift had managed to become foreman of a large builder's shop.

One Saturday morning, Mary, her mother being quite sick, went to market instead of the latter. As she came out of the market, carrying her well-loaded basket, she struck a tall, commanding-looking gentleman

—who was passing by at the time. Not only was it accidental upon her part, but unavoidable as well, because the weight of the basket kept her continually off her balance. He turned quickly, with a frown upon his face, to chide the rude porter as he supposed the collision to have been caused by. But on the instant he perceived how matters stood, his frown vanished, as he glanced at the flush of lovely confusion that suffused Mary's countenance, and, in place of the sharp reproof which he had on his lips, he said:

"Oh! Miss, pardon me, for my outrageous rudeness. That is too heavy for you, that basket. Why does not your servant bear it for you?"

This confused poor Mary beyond all else, for in a moment, she was certain that the magnificent gentleman must be at least a Lord, as from the language he used and by the accent of the words she knew he was an Englishman. She was confirmed completely in this opinion, when the grandee turned to a colored porter, who was standing by, and said, while he daintily drew from his vest pocket a shilling. "Here, you colored man, take this young lady's basket, to her carriage!"

Poor Mary! "her carriage." Why the gentleman must think her the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic father. This pleased her pride. But in her trepidation, the natural candor and straight forward honesty, that she inherited from her father, caused her to confusedly explain:

"Excuse me, sir, we have no carriage; and when we go to market, we have to use the street cars. Here comes one now. I am very much obliged to you, but I can myself, easily carry this to the car which passes our door."

But the gentleman insisted, and Mary's head was in such a whirl that she did not object any more. So the porter, who was a shrewd fellow, in order to earn the forthcoming reward, actually captured the heavy basket against Mary's will, and, striding from the pavement took up his position in the street ready to stop the approaching car. Instead of a shilling the gentleman took a two dollar greenback from his vest pocket, and, giving it to the porter, said:

"My man, you go all the way home with that young lady, and see that she is not obliged again to load herself with that frightful basket. But also see that you ride on the outside platform."

Then he quickly returned to the side of Miss Lesley, and, as the car came up, he took her right hand in his right hand, raised his left forearm parallel with and a few inches from her shoulders and thus handed her into the car in true London style. Mary turned, and, as the car drove off, she bowed in her most gracious manner to the gentleman. So complete was her confusion by this time that, in sitting down, she was not aware she was deliberately smothering the chubly two year old darling of an Irish washerwoman, until that angered female unceremoniously pushed her to a standing position, and remarked, in irate tones:

"Is yer head so full av love and nonsince, thot yees can't see at all, at all? Bad luck to yees, ye'd be a killen av me darlint entirely."

The aforesaid "darlint" seemed to have survived the "killin" quite successfully, for without a murmur, it continued after its rescue, smearing its hands, face, and clothing with a huge lump of yellow jack candy it had been previously sucking. In spite of her double adventure, poor Mary's thoughts reverted painfully, anxiously to her shawl and dress, and she could scarcely restain her intense desire to ascertain the extent of the damage to her dry goods. She could not do so until she reached home, where she found her worst fears realized; both her dress and shawl being plentifully grormed with yellow jack.

She concealed nothing of her adventure from her mother, who consoled her with all her ingenuity.

"Never mind, Mary, I don't wonder at your being upside down in your mind, after such an affair as that. I *do* wonder though, who he can be. From your description of him I take him to be a grandee of some sort. He has taken a fancy to you sure. But now you take care! look out for him. Encourage him! draw him on, but be careful now; for there's no telling you know, what a scampish set of fellows the men are now a days. It didn't used to be so when your father and I were courting; but times are awfully changed now."

"But he won't know where we live, mother, he never asked me that" remarked Mary.

"Oh! nonsense, silly-billy," said the mother, "can't you see through a ladder yet? What do you suppose he insisted on the darkey coming all the way home with your basket for, if it wasn't that he might ask the fellow next time he sees him, to give him the direction of where you lived?"

"Yes, but, mother, couldn't he have come with me himself, or called a cab and followed the car, like they do in the plays at the theatre?" asked Mary.

"Well, Mary, you 're a goose!" exclaimed Mrs. Lesley, "don't you see he couldn't? First, if he did that, it would look too hot-footed you know; and next, there's no cabs at the market. By sending the porter he knew he could get your address sure; because the porter would be at the market next Wednesday or Saturday, and he would pass there accidentally you kow, and accidentally see the porter, and accidentally ask him whether he accidentally happened to remember where you went with your basket."

The mother, as she uttered these tautological "accidentallys," increased the irony in her voice till it reached the climax; when in silence she fixed a stare upon her daughter's face, just like Charlotte Cushman does in her stage hits Her manner irritated Mary, so that she deter-

mined to let her mother see that she was as smart as herself. So, after a pause, she said quite sharply:

"Well, see here, mom, don't you think there's too much accidentally about all this? Or if it must be accidentally, couldn't I accidentally go to market, and couldn't I accidentally see the gentleman, who would go there too so accidentally?"

The mother laughed heartily at this comic imitation of her own manner, and said:

"Good for you, Mary. Yes that's the best way. Now let us see—if you get that man for a husband, and he's a Lord, then you be a Lady, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"And if he's a Count, you'd be a what?"

"A Countess."

"And if he's a Duke you'd be a Dutchy. Lord I hope he 'aint a Duke, because the boys round the neighborhood, would all the time be holloaing Dutchey at you."

"Oh, laws, mom' if he's a Duke, I would be a Dutchess."

"Oh, well I wouldn't mind that; that would sound nicer. Suppose he's a Prince?"

"Then I would be a Princess. That's the highest, except Queen or Empress, and that I could not be, as it would be against the Englishlaw."

"Oh, well, never mind, I would't care to have you become an Empress. I'll be satisfied if he's only Duke."

Mrs. Lesley's face would have been a study for a master artist who desired to paint an ideal or rather a reality of sublime self satisfaction, as she uttered this contented remark.

"But, mom," suppose he's none of these?"

"This suggestion flitted a cloud of disappointment over the maternal face, but the sunshine quickly beamed from forehead to chin, as Mrs. Lesley replied:

"Oh, well, be must be a rich, aristocratic kind of man at the very least, and in that case, he can go into the society of all these other high folks; and that'll be almost as good."

"But, mom," and here the first shadow of real doubt fixed itself on Mary's features, "you know how pop is about aristocrats, and people that put on airs, and style. He won't like it."

"Just you catch this prize, Mary," said Mrs. Lesley, with the air of a General who knows he can crush or flank his opposing General, "and *I'll* settle all *that*. Your father has got to be *managed*. Your father has got to be managed."

So it was decided between the daughter and mother, that the rich and perhaps titled Englishman, must be caught and that the father—plain, honest, hard working John Lesley should be "*managed*."

THE SECOND STEP.

According to the plan laid out between the mother and daughter—the latter destined to be a sacrifice—Mary went to market for the former on the next market day, and we can truthfully assert, that her mind and thoughts were fixed entirely upon the elegant gentleman who had taken such a fancy to her, and whom she felt certain she should meet. As might have been expected, he took equal pains to be passing the market quite apparently by accident, though strange to say he thus *accidentally* passed the place four times before Fortune favored him with a sight of the beautiful girl with whom he had become so infatuated. For Mary's part, as soon as she beheld him she trembled with a variety of emotions, the strongest of which were pleasure and that maidenly diffidence natural to a young girl of her age, who knew not exactly how far she ought to go to attract the attention of a man she would like to win for her husband.

On the contrary the gentleman, with that graceful ease and masculine boldness, that a man accustoned to society invariably possesses, tipped his hat the instant that Mary smilingly recognised him, and then, placing himself beside her, shook hands and at once began a general conversation as he walked along. His manner was so genial, his language so polished, and his voice so melodious that Mary was captivated at once. Indeed she was enraptured.

"I was just passing this way," remarked he, as the two approached the corner," and the remembrance of your lovely face constrained me to linger about a few minutes in the hope of seeing you. And I am so glad to have had my desire in this respect gratified. But I shall not detain you any longer. I have some important business to attend to, and I see you have not marketed yet, so I will bid you good morning as soon as you have replied to a few questions, which, with your permission I would like to ask you. May I do so?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Mary.

"Thank you, said the gentleman. "I would inquire first, your name, second, your residence, and third, whether you or your parents would have any objections to my calling to see you, if you shall all be satisfied that my intentions are honorable, and my standing in society satisfactory."

Mary had never been addressed in this manner in all her life before. The tones, and gestures, and demeanor of her companion assured her that he was the essence of a gentleman. Hitherto she had been a child—but now she felt as though changed by an electrical shock into a real woman. She was delighted, and proud and confused. She already admired and loved the stranger, and in her pleasure and confusion, she quite innocently and truthfully replied:

Yes, sir, my name is Mary Lesley, I live with mother and father in Tasker street above sixth, and mother and I would be very much pleased to have you call and see us."

"Oh, thank you a thousand times over, and pray allow me to hand you my card, which please give your mother or father with my best respects and say to them that I will do myself the delightful honor to call to-morrow evening. Good morning."

With this remark and gallant adieu the gentleman again tipped his hat and walked away with rapid strides, leaving Mary the happiest, yet most confused young woman imaginable. Several persons beheld the scene, and it is quite safe to say with different ideas and not a few suspicions. Yet little cared Mary. She was oblivious to all else save her own thoughts, and these took the loftiest flights into the golden future. Indeed the poor girl was completely intoxicated with her prospects which was amply proved by the manner in which she marketed.

"I want fifteen pounds of butter, Mr. Lening," said she to the farmer of whom she always bought that commodity.

The farmer adjusted his spectacles so that he might get their sure, correct focus on Mary's face, and then exclaimed:

"*Fifteen* pounds! Well upon my soul Miss Lesley I was just on the p'int of sellin the two pound I allays keeps fur you seeing you was so late. I've been a waitin' half of a hull hour just so as you should have your reg'lar supply—two pounds. Ha! ha! you pretty puss! you're runnin' a joke on to me I see, so as to let on you 're bin an' got married to a big boardin' house keeper and want to take butter by the tub full."

Poor Mary blushed scarlet at her mistake, and at the rough but kindly bandinage of Mr. Lening. But she hastily corrected herself and said:

"Oh, Mr. Lening I was thinking about something else. But indeed I would like to have three pounds to day, for we shall have company tomorrow."

"Ha! I don't doubt you and I don't see what these city chaps are about Miss Mary that you don't have company all the time. Why if we only had you out at Radnor Valley you'd just see all the young fellers a fixin' up to the nines and going around the house where you lived like snapper bugs does round a candle on a hot summer's night."

"Ah, now please don't Mr. Lening," pleaded Mary, in a half coaxing half abashed sort of manner, and the kind, bluff old farmer, said he wouldn't, in his hearty, mischievous tone. Then as he put the two pounds of butter into her kettle he turned round to his stall and taking down a bunch of sweet white and red rosebuds from a hook handed them to her and said:

"Mary, there's a bunch o' buds for you, girl; an' though they're sweet, they're not half so pretty as you are yourself. They'll do to set in the middle of the table when the company comes to supper tomorrow. And

Mary, let me whisper in your ear, girl, an old man's advice—don't be in a hurry to get married. Be sure you pick out the right kind of a man for a husband, and then you'll be as happy when you're old, as you was when you were young. It aint the handsomest looking wheat that hulls out the heaviest to the bushel; now you mind that, when you pick out a beau."

"Oh, I'm never going to get married," laughed Mary, "I'm going to live and die an old maid. Good bye."

"Good bye, you little rogue!" exclaimed the farmer, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, as he shook his finger at his fair customer. And all the time he was packing up his buckets, and tubs, and pans, to go home, he was now and then laughing to himself and repeating Mary's order.

"Fifteen pound o' butter! Well, bless my old ploughshare! if that gal aint in love, sure! Fifteen pound o' butter! Hope she'll git a nice man though, fur she's a pretty creature, and 'ud make a man a tip-top wife, she would."

Several times before Mary got through with her marketing she caught herself just on the eve of repeating just such blunders as she had made with her butter. But finally she finished her task and turned homeward.

As soon as she saw her mother she handed her Mr. Gordon's card, exclaiming as she did so:

"Now, hold on, mom till I take off my duds and then I'll tell you all about my adventure this morning. Oh, dear! My heart's going like a chicken's foot in a half peck measure!"

The mother could do nothing but gaze at the delicate card, turn it over and over, and smell it to enjoy the delicate odor with which it was so deliciously tinged. Yet all the while she was nearly "bursting with curiosity," to use her own strong expression, to hear the full particulars. Presently Mary was ready, and, seating herself on the lounge beside her mother, she commenced and narrated faithfully the entire interview with her admirer.

"What do you think of it all, mom?" inquired she, as she concluded. "Did I manage all right?"

"Yes, I could not have done better myself."

"Now then, mom, how about pop? You'll have to take charge of that part of the business. You know how rough he is about aristocrats. And if he was to do, or say any thing rude to Mr. Gordon I should die right straight of shame. I know I would."

"Oh, I'll take the best care of pap. Never you fear for that! Between this and tomorrow night he will be as sweet as a dove. Never fear."

All of that day Mrs. Lesley's brain was racking itself with manners, ways and means to over come whatever objections John, her husband, might chance to advance against the prospective acquaintance and courtship between the English gentleman and Mary. Finally, after all her

plans and plots had been cast aside by her almost as soon as they presented themselves to her, as being useless with her plain, straight-forward husband, she made up her mind to storm all his opposition by telling him the simple truth of the matter.

That night when he and she were alone in their chamber, she informed him of Mary's adventure, and also of the intended visit of Mr. Gordon the next evening.

"Well, mother," said Lesley, after a long pause during which he took off his boots, coat and cravat, "I don't know about such quickly cracked up acquaintances as this one seems to be. The way you talk about this chap, he seems to be an honorable, honest man, but I'll tell you better when I see him. If he is all right and don't put on any high dutch, nor no airs, then may be he and I can get along. But mind if does any thing like that, then out he goes, and you needn't get mad about it."

"I am satisfied with that," replied Mrs. Lesley, "and what is more John, I intend to pull the same way as you do in this affair, and if there's any double dealing, out he goes, as you say."

This was a shrewd bit of diplomacy on Mrs. Lesley's part, and gave her the victory completely over her honest but rather head-strong husband.

The sabbath was, we regret to say, decidedly bent if not completely broken, in several instances by the mother and daughter making preparations for the entertainment of their expected guest in the evening. The occasion came, and with it punctually arrived the Englishman to pay his first visit to the Lesleys. The mother, daughter and husband were all anxiety to behold Mr. Gordon, though as may be easily surmised each of them actuated by different emotions.

Very quietly and pleasantly the Englishman accepted the invitation of Mary—who opened the door in reply to his ring at the bell—to please walk in and be seated. Mary took his hat, cane and gloves, and when she had placed them on the little table in the corner, quickly returned and introduced Mr. Gordon to her father and mother.

As he took the hand of the stranger John eyed him keenly from head to feet, and then stood aside to permit of the introduction of his wife. This being done he invited Mr. Gordon to be seated again. The latter at once and gracefully opened up a conversation starting with the weather, news of the day and so forth, and finally with consummate candor—for he had already read John's blunt character in his face—he moved to the assault with this remark:

"Mr. Lesley, doubtless your daugther here, and perhaps Mrs. Lesley have at least partially informed you of the object of my visit. By quite an accident I met Miss Mary a short time since and was so struck with her great beauty, that I could not help liking her instantly. Yesterday

I saw her again and took the liberty of addressing her, and sending by her my card to you and her mother, with the request that, under certain conditions I might with your permission pay my addresses to her. And I am here to-night for the purpose of obtaining your permission to do so."

John Lesley liked the bluff, manly manner of his visitor, and he at once replied:

"Well, Mr. Gordon, I have no objections to make to your proposition if Mary nor her mother has none, which, from the way they talked about your visit already I don't think they have."

Mr. Gordon thanked Lesley for his acquiescence to h[illegible] request, and at once made himself perfectly easy, and as much at home with his new acquaintances as though he had known them for years. From a book of poems which Mary had borrowed from a neighbor, Gordon read several selections with such exquisite power and pathos, as to induce John Lesley to assure him, he could read just as well as the great tragedian, Edwin Forest—no mean compliment by the way—for Forest was to the plain workman quite a demi-god.

Eleven o'clock struck ere Gordon rose to take his farewell and yet it seemed as though his stay had been scarcely half an hour, so entertaining to all three was his converse.

After he had gone there was a general interchange of favorable opinion and criticism about Gordon, the conclusion of which was that mother and daughter thought him "perfectly splendid," and Lesley thought he was a "first rate fellow, and not so airish, as he had always thought them aristocratic chaps was."

This initial visit of Gordon was succeeded by other visits and calls, and soon the insinuating Englishman was looked on as quite one of the family. Shrewdly enough, he saw that to make his suit sure he need only keep on the safe side of the father and this he accomplished completely when he insisted on advancing him sufficient money to purchase quite a nice house up town where he could erect a shop on the back end of the lot and become a boss at his trade, instead of a journeyman.

Finally after going to see Mary thus for about one year, Mr. Gordon proposed that he and she should get married, as he wished soon to return to England, at least on a visit. It was of course entirely superfluous for him to ask consent from the parents as this had already been long ago tacitly given, so all he had to do was to name a day agreeable to Mary. He did so, and the two married in a quiet, unostentatious manner, quite in keeping with John Lesley's ideas of propriety.

One month, after the marriage, Mr. Gordon returned from Toronto, Canada—whither he had been obliged to go on pressing business the same day he was married—the happy, smiling bride started to England on her wedding tour with her husband, amid the smiles, and tears, and blessings of her father and mother, and of the few of her intimate friends, whom

she had invited for the occasion. There is no manner of doubt that at this time Gordon liked his wife well enough, but that he *ever* loved her at all is impossible. Because if he did, he never would have treated her in the brutal manner in which he did afterwards. How lucky it was that poor Mary could not see far enough into the future to behold the dreadful fate which thus awaited her, like a stormy wintry sunset after a bright summer morning,

Mrs. Lesly had a singular and as events afterward proved, an ominous dream about Mary the same night that her daughter sailed for Europe with her husband. She dreamed it three distinct and separate times before morning, and it worried her so much the third time that she woke her husband up, and related the dream to him. But he only laughed at her for her superstition and quoted to her, her own often made remarks that dreams go by contraries. The dream was this. She thought she was walking along the bank of a broad, deep, rapid flowing river, part of the water of which was quite black and the other quite silvery. The silvery part was next to the bank along which she was walking, while the black part was next to the opposite shore. Suddenly she beheld a ship, the exact counterpart of the ship in which Mary had sailed with her husband. As she thus walked along, she thought the ship moved parallel to herself and that it never went faster nor slower than she was walking for a long, long time. During all this while the vessel kept straight on in the bright silvery water, and the mother saw Mary sitting beside Gordon, her husband, in a very contented, loving way.

Presently, while Mrs. Lesley was looking, she beheld a shadowy figure glide to the wheel of the ship and pull it rapidly round. In a moment the ship quit her previous course, and ran over to the dark side of the river, where she at once began to pitch and roll at a fearful rate. As she did this, Gordon sprang up, but instead of doing anything to save or assist his wife, he pushed her violently from him, and repulsed her in a brutal manner. The mother, with anguished feelings, clasped her hands and called to Gordon not to do so. But, if he heard her, he paid no attention, but continued his unmanly treatment to his wife. The latter, however, clung to him, and seemed to be imploring him. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch, and the next instant broke in half. As the forward half parted from the stern, Mrs. Lesley saw Gordon clutch her daughter by the thoat and choke her down till she fell upon her knees, at which the mother uttered a wild scream and woke up.

This dream was repeated three times, and made, as we have said such a frightful effect upon poor Mrs Lesley that she roused her husband and narrated it to him.

"Oh, go to sleep, mother," said he, "you had something for supper that did not agree with you, but has set you gathering wool. There now, roll over, and I will put my arm over you so as to keep the spooks and goblins

away from you. There now, that's the way. Now they won't trouble you any more till morning."

But for all this affectionate assurance by her husband, Mrs. Lesley could not compose herself any more that night, though she laid very still in order not to disturb John, as he had to get off quite early in the morning to his work.

At half past four o'clock the alarm-clock struck off with its rattling merry ring and started Lesley from his slumber. After a yawn or two and a stretch to get himself thoroughly awake, the industrious fellow sprang out of bed and began dressing himself previous to going down to make the fire. This was a part of the domestic routine that Lesley invariably performed himself, because he used to say that it was not a woman's place to get up in the morning and do such mule work as making fires He always liked to have the kitchen warm, and the kettle boiling for the women to come down and get the coffee ready for breakfast. Very often his fellow workmen would make fun of him and call him a granny. But their jeers and jibes never troubled him a moment. He would only laugh and say:

"It may do very well for you chaps to treat your wives and daughters like heathens and Indians; but I love my women at home just well enough to make as much sunshine as I can for them. And it would be better for your women folks if you fellows would do the same thing; let me tell you that!"

CLOUDS DISPELLED.

It was perhaps five weeks or six after Mrs. Lesley had dreamed her ugly dream that John Lesley came home one night from the shop in high spirits:

"Come, mother!" he exclaimed as he strode into the house, "let us have a jolly good supper to night, and while we're getting ourselves round that I'll read you Mary's letter———"

"A letter from Mary!" interruptingly cried Mrs. Lesley. "Where is it? how is she?"

And she sprang at her husband and began rummaging in his pockets for the precious epistle. John was in a mischievous, humorous mood and for several minutes the pair had a good tussle, at the end of which, through John's intentional carelessness his wife was successful in obtaining the coveted letter.

She sat down on the lounge, and pulling off the envelope handed it to her husband who had also seated himself at her side. Then she opened the four sheets of pink note paper all the sides of which were covered closely with writing. Though not a highly educated woman, Mrs.

Lesley was an excellent reader; and so, at once commencing her daughter's letter, she read it aloud to her husband. Every once in a while the reading would stop and the two gratified parents would laugh and converse over some salient point of the letter. This was kept up until the finish when the happy wife completed the setting of the supper table. While eating their meal John and his wife talked incessantly concerning their fortunate daughter.

"By the by, mother!" presently laughed Lesley, "how about that woful dream of yours, eh?"

"Well, didn't I always tell you dreams go by contraries?" replied the wife.

"And I hope in this case, mother," remarked the husband, "that you will always dream awful dreams about Mary. Because then they'll always be good omens, sure."

"Mary gives a delightful description of her English home, don't she, John?" asked Mrs. Lesley.

"Indeed she does, mother. It makes a fellow feel like as though he would like to go there and live."

"Well, who knows? perhaps one of these days you and I will leave here and lay our bones in England."

"No m'am! mother! never! As Ned Forest says in Jack Cade or Spartacus, "perish the thought." I don't want to live or die any wheres but just here in America. This country may have a good many faults and all that sort of thing but it suits my heart and feelings."

Before the worthy couple retired that night Mary's letter was again perused just as carefully, and, with just as much delight by Mr. and Mrs. Lesley as it had been at first, and ere the two closed their eyes in slumber, they talked about Mary and her prospects just as earnestly as they had done at the supper table. It is certain also that the last image which floated before the imagination of each was Mary's dear face, and the last thought in the mind of each was about the darling girl; and the last prayer on their conscious lips was for her who though so far, was yet so near to them both.

The next morning the letter and its contents again furnished the two Lesleys a theme for conversation from the time they got out of bed till the moment the father kissed his wife good-bye and went to his shop. This was a pleasant little benediction that John Lesley never omitted in his home worship, because, as he used to say, "there's no knowing when a man may be brought home dead to his family."

Strangely enough his own sad fate was a peculiar fatality, and carried out his morbid ideas on this habit exactly, for the time did come when one of these sweet morning kisses was the last he ever gave his wife; when the only kisses she afterward gave the strong noble husband were at sundown, but not in the usual way.

"Have you no mercy? My baby is dying!" she pleaded.

„Giebt es bei Dir keine Gnade, mein Kind liegt im Sterben!" flehte sie ihn an.

A strange man came to the door and told her Mr. Lesley was not well, he could not walk home. He had broken both his legs, and an arm, he was rather badly hurt. He had a long fall, and was internally injured; indeed the surgeon could hardly give any hope for him. In falling he had struck on his feet and then———pitched back in such a way that the back of his head had come in contact with an iron casting for a sink and———and———" The messenger of it was breaking as gently as he knew how, the news—"*they're bringing his body to you.*"

He stepped back from the door to the middle of the pavement and beckoned up the street. Presently four men appeared bearing carefully a settee on which lay the lifeless form of John Lesley cruelly crushed but not disfigured in the face. Mrs. Lesley uttered very few groans or sounds to indicate the anguish that consumed her. All night she sat alone with the dead, at intervals uncovering the white face and kissing its cold lips. Two days later John left her once more—this time forever—and thence forward she walked life's pathway alone.

Lesley's death occurred four years after his daughter had married Gordon and consequently he was spared the agony of knowing her sore tribulations and tortures at the hands of her brutal, savage husband. Indeed had he been living he would have rescued her or perished in the effort; for bravery and determination were two of his strongest characteristics.

MARY'S MARRIED LIFE.

As we have said in a previous page of this narrative Gordon at first after he wed Mary Lesley liked her exceedingly well, merely because her personal beauty was so great. But after he had become used to this and she was no longer like a new toy to him, then he began to neglect her and in due and speedy course of time he hated her in his heart, wished to be rid of her. This was a dreadful change for poor Mary, who all her life had been used to nothing but kindness and love from her mother and father, and now to be so illy treated by one whom she had looked up to as a person who was to love her till death better even than mother or father, was worse to her sensitive heart than death itself. For two years they had been married and there was about to happen the birth of her first offspring, an event which Mary felt sure would reconcile her husband to her and fix again upon herself his love once more. How sadly and cruelly she was deceived the sequel will show. She would hardly see him now twice in a week, and when she did, he scarcely noticed her at all, except in anger or insult.

After the birth of her baby, a little girl, her husband visited her less often then ever. Finally the wretched Mary made up her mind that her

husband really hated her, and, with a broken heart she thus addressed him when she next saw him:

"If you please, Gordon, give me enough money to get home to America I will go away there to mother and father with my baby and you will be rid of all your trouble with me. I always thought you loved me but I find you do not."

"Send you home, eh?" he hissed out with a fresh volley of oaths, "No! I'll not let your have that satisfaction. Not only will I not let you go home but you shall not go outside of this house. I hate you just well enough to torture you to death."

"Then you had better kill me at once," groaned Mary.

"Oh, no, that would be too merciful for such a jade as you!"

Mary had never been called such an outrageous name as that and in an instant with flashing eyes and quivering lips she hurled back at her husband wild words of anger and justification of herself, and wound up by calling him a contemptible Englishman. This fired all the latent anger in his disposition, and rushing upon his unfortunate wife he beat her with his fists in a most shameful manner blacking her eyes and cutting her face in several places with the sharp points of a diamond ring which he wore. As he paused for breath, and while still clutching her by the throat, he hoarsely exclaimed:

"If you don't get down on your knees and beg my pardon for that I'll pound your brains out!"

"Then do it!" cried Mary when she got her breath, "for I never will. You're a cowardly poltroon to beat a woman. But I don't care if you kill me by inches you'll never force me to beg your pardon. If my father knew this he'd soon be here and then you'd beg my pardon or get such a threshing as you never had in all your life before."

Gordon stood off from his wife now and contemplated her silently for a full minute, she meanwhile returning his scowls with defiant glances of proud anger, and wiping the blood from the wounds on her lacerated face. She had always submitted so patiently to the villain before without more than a passing murmur; but now she stood defiantly at bay, though she did not attempt to return his physical violence as she was aware that with a powerful man like he was such an effort would be useless.

After he had thus eyed his wife he exclaimed in a low threatening tone of voice: "Ha! my vixen, just hold on. I'll break your spirit! I'll teach you what it is to raise my rage. I'd kill you anyhow if it wasn't for the reason that if I did I couldn't satisfy my revenge enough on you. But I'll show you my lady what I am, before I'm done with you, depend on that."

With this threat he left the room violently slamming to the door after him.

The moment she found herself alone, though her bruised and bleeding

face pained her frightfully, the reaction caused Mary to sink down upon a rocking chair as weak and limp as a roll of wet cloth. Then she sobbed and cried for two hours at least before she exhausted herself that she fell asleep just where she sat. When she woke up she felt utterly bewildered and did not recollect anything that had happened until again her wounds brought all to her mind with horrid distinctness.

"I wish I was dead! Oh! I do wish I was dead!" she groaned in the bitterest anguish as she glanced in a mirror and turned quickly from it that she might not see fully the swelled and discolored lumps upon her once beautiful face—now rendered almost hideous with the cruel disfigurements inflicted by her husband.

At this moment her baby began to cry, and attracted her attention. She sprang to the crib and catching up the infant hugged it convulsively to her bosom and as her tears started afresh she exclaimed:

"Oh, my darling! my darling look up into mama's battered face, and then nestle close to mama's poor broken heart! Oh! baby! baby! I wish you and I were both in our graves. Then we would be at rest forever forever! forever!"

Then she sat down still holding the infant to her breast, and rocking back and forth she moaned in mental as well as physical anguish.

She saw no more of her husband for a week and then one evening he entered her room and catching up the baby out of the cradle he passed through the doorway closely followed by Mary who was fearful he intended to take away her child from her, and so deprive her of what little remnant of pleasure his harshness had hitherto left her.

"Come on," he exclaimed with a sneer going up stairs, "the cow is sure to follow her calf!"

"What are you going to do with my baby?" she asked in tones of dread.

"Going to take it and you to your new quarters up stairs!" was the laconic reply of the husband as he strode on without deigning to turn his head.

"What! in the servants' room?"

"I'll show you where!"

And on he walked up stairs with his wife after him till he reached a little room at the top of the house, the window of which looked out toward a blank brick wall that prevented any other view whatever save a little morsel of sky. The first fact that attracted the attention of the wretched young wife was that this solitary window had been adorned with *new* iron bars placed so closely together as to preclude the possibility of a person thrusting the head forth to look at any thing. The next fact she noted was the extreme meagreness of the furniture which consisted of nothing except a single maplewood bedstead, a wooden chair and a little

cheap crib cradle. On the bedstead was a hard straw mattrass covered with a blanket and coverlet.

"Will you walk into your future parlor and dwelling room?" inquired Gordon with mock politeness, addressing his wife. She scarcely knew what to make of this new demonstration, it was so entirely unexpected. She suspected from the malignity of his former threat that her husband was about to do something terrible, and had it not been for the baby she would at once have fled downstairs and forth into the street where she could claim and receive protection from the police. But her love and anxiety for the little one induced her to face the new peril, whatever it might be.

Gordon half tossed, half laid the infant on the bed and motioned his wife toward it. She sprang forward and caught it up in her arms. At the same moment Gordon swiftly stepped behind her, and thence to the door which he closed and locked, and then put the key in his pocket. Half stupefied Mary gazed at the man while he stood and contemplated her with a grin of sardonic triumph upon his features. At length he spoke:

"Well, how do you think you will like your new quarters?"

"I suppose while I am here it makes no difference whether I like them or not," replied she "It makes no difference to me whether you like them or not, though it might to yourself as you won't change them in a hurry."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" asked Mary trying to control her voice and keep it from trembling.

"I mean just this, that, till you die and are buried, you will never leave this room."

"But you will not rob me of my child?" inquiringly remarked Mary.

"Oh, no I don't care for the little brat. You're welcome to it."

"Then thank Heaven, I can endure any thing your malevolence may inflict upon me. I do not need to leave this room, for, outside of it, henceforth the world is dead to me."

"What! is it no torture to be away from your darling pa and ma?" he answered.

"Oh, no, it would be far worse torture to me to know that they should become aware of the unworthy fate which has befallen me, for it would make them utterly unhappy to know that I had thus fallen a victim to your machinations."

"Ha! do you really think it would? Why, faith then, I must find some way to let them know it all. But, wait a bit; in case you may, at any time, conceive the idea of running away from me, I have had another feature added to this delightful little boudoir for your special benefit. I'll show it to you."

Thus speaking the brutal man stepped forward to the bedstead, and pulling it away from the wall thus disclosed a heavy double chain depending from a ring staple that had been fixed firmly into the wall itself.

On the extremity of this double chain was a spring lock and socket. As he had moved forward to the bed, Gordon adroitly pushed his unfortunate wife before him, in such a manner that, at the same instant he uncovered the chain, he also had her within grasp. Seizing her, he slipped the chain round her waist, drew it tightly and caught it firmly with the spring lock.

Mary turned, looked blankly at her husband, and, while her face assumed the hue of a marble image, she sank down on the floor, and, clasping her hands in her lap, she wept bitterly:

"Oh, man! man! what have I ever done to you that you should treat me in this barbarous manner?"

"You have done that which king Richard's wife did to him—out lived my liking."

"Then in the name of Heaven," rejoined Gordon's victim; if that be the case, give me sufficient money to return home to America to father and mother."

"Oh, no, that would not do. There'd be a terrible row, quite likely, then."

"No! I pledge you my word there shall not be any row. You shall never hear one single word concerning my fate. For I shall be too ashamed to speak of what, or why I have suffered since I married you."

"Wouldn't trust you, or I should have sent you back home long ago!" was the cruel reply. "No," he continued, "I have resolved on my course with you, and I will not swerve from it. You will remain in this room for the rest of your natural life, whether that be one year, or a hundred years. I shall have one new servant whom I can trust implicitly, and she will take you in charge, when I am not here myself."

"Please go away and leave me!" groaned Mary, in the new agony of spirit which this suggestive remark caused her; please *do* go away and leave me!"

"Yes, of course I will. Anything in the world to please you, you know!"

Taking the key from his pocket Gordon unlocked the door and went out, being careful to lock it again, however.

For several minutes Mary sat just in the same position, and quite likely she would not have moved for hours, had not her baby uttered a sharp cry. In an instant she sprang to her feet and toward the bed. But from the position of the latter, she could not reach the infant, and besides, the chain gave her such a cruel jerk as to deprive her of breath, and cause her great pain round the waist, where its unyielding links buried themselves in her tender flesh. By pulling the bedstead round, however, she quickly managed to get her baby in her arms, and sitting down upon the bed, she kissed the little innocent wildly, her hot tears raining plenteously over its features.

"Oh, my baby! my sweet! my darling! he loves you no better than he does your poor mother! He, who ought to cherish us both has buried us here in this prison room forever! No! thank God! he cannot do it forever—only while we live. He cannot follow us beyond Death's portal."

Until dark Mary sat or laid on the bed with her infant, or walked it up and down the floor so far as her chain would permit. Now and then she could faintly hear the rumble of a heavy cart, or the rattle of a lighter, swifter-moving vehicle passing up and down the street, and occasionally the sounds of the voices of children at play rose faintly to her ears. All this served only to make her desolation the more complete and her captivity the more doleful.

It had been quite dark for sometime before any one came to the room, and the captive began to think that, to her imprisonment was to be added the other torture of starvation. At last she had concluded to go to bed as well as the chain would permit her, taking off her outer garments only and arranging the bed coverings in such a manner as to prevent the links of the chain from hurting her. Commending herself to God, she closed her eyes, and was trying to go asleep, when suddenly the door was unlocked and opened, and Gordon entered, followed by a woman of about thirty two years old, whose countenance, though handsome, was not a prepossessing one.

"Ha! gone to bed so early!" exclaimed Gordon, advancing into the room.

Mary rose to a sitting posture; but did not make any reply, and, Gordon resumed: "I have brought this lady friend of mine to introduce her. Hereafter, when I am not here, she will have full charge of you. And while she proves true to her duty of keeping you secure and not too happy, she will be my favorite at a good salary. Do you understand?"

The miserable wife's heart was too full to allow her to reply one word to this cruel question, and she nodded her head mournfully, as she noted the familiar manner in which the woman leaned against Gordon, and the ominous scowl with which the creature regarded her.

"Do you think," continued Gordon, turning and addressing the woman, "do you think, Sally, you can attend, to this invalid lady properly, just as I have instructed you to do?"

"Leave that to me, my dear fellow," and she leered up into his face in a manner that caused Mary's blood to boil to behold.

"Hot words rose to her lips, and she was about to pour forth her rage and grief. But one reflection restrained her. She felt that no one can torture a woman like a woman. Here was evidently a lewd wretch, with whom her husband had associated himself, in order that he might have a trusty accomplice in Mary's persecution. He had taken up with this strumpet, knowing that she would prove true to his purpose. Had

Mary had no one but herself to suffer she would have defied and denounced both Gordon and the woman. But her baby—if she provoked them further they might rob her of that. So, for its sake she held her tongue.

"Well," said Gordon, after a pause, "Sally, I must leave you now don't forget what I instructed you to do."

"I won't my dear," and the wretch threw a kiss at the contemptible fellow, as he passed out of the room and went downstairs, without ever so much as glancing at his wife.

"How do you think you and I will get along with each other?" inquired the woman of Mrs. Gordon after the husband's footsteps died away on the stairs below.

"I am helpless in your power," replied the prisoner, "so it is useless for me to make any attempt to answer your question. But I wish you would answer me a question."

"Let's hear it first, and then may be I will, and may be I won't.

"It is this—what do you intend to do with me?"

"Oh, take the best care of you; keep you here safe in this room, not let you get downstairs. Lick you well with a cow hide if you don't behave yourself. Bring you what you are to eat and drink, and—et cetera, et cetera, as they say in the play.

"Well, am I to be always kept chained in this manner?"

"Don't know about that. I'll ask him when I go downstairs."

"I would like to have a pitcher of water," said Mary after a pause.

"I'll bring one up when I come up to bed. But I suppose you don't want anything to eat till morning. However, it don't make no difference if you do because you won't get it till morning if you do."

Mary made no reply, and, after a short silence—during which the woman walked about the room and looked provokingly at her prisoner, as though to excite her into some violence—she picked up the lamp and went out of the room.

It was fully three hours before she returned, bringing with her a tin bucket full of water in which was a tin cup. This she set down just within reach of the chained wife saying:

"Here's your water, that's all you'll get. He and I have had several glasses of wine."

"And you ought to be ashamed to say it," retorted Mrs. Gordon in a quiet sarcastic tone.

"Oh, I merely told you because I thought it would make you feel extra happy to know it, that's all!" laughed the woman maliciously. "And he kissed me and told me he loved me a thousand times better than he ever did you."

"Indeed! that don't surprise me at all, for you are prettier than I am. And he had need to love you a thousand times better than he did me. For your woman's heart must tell you if you have any perception, that

he really never loved me. I see it all now. I was a poor girl; he was rich; he took a passing fancy to me and married me. He knew that, by bringing me to this foreign land, he would have me entirely in his power, where no friend nor relative of mine could interfere with his cowardly plan that he has since put into operation. Do you suppose that a man like this can love *any* woman at all? Do you suppose that a heart like his could ever love? If you do you are mistaken. He hates me already and he has only taken up with you for the reason of having a willing accomplice to torture me. He is making a tool, a cat's paw of you, and when he is tired of you quite likely he will get a second chain for you, put you in this room with me and get a third love to take care of us both."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the woman, "no danger of that! You wager all you have on that. I'll take care of that myself."

"A bad man is capable of anything!" replied Mrs. Gordon, sorrowfully.

"But a bad woman can match him, give odds and beat him at his own game. You're an innocent green one any way."

"I believe I am! groaned the wife in mental agony, "I believe I am."

"And so, you see," continued her attendant, "green ones like you ought to be kept in close cages, where nothing may harm them. But, good night! By, bye! I must go down to him he's waiting for me."

With this doubly cruel remark, Sally left the captive to her own heart breaking refections.

It was not until nearly morning that the wretched Mary fell asleep; and then it was only owing to complete exhaustion. Like the famished traveller in the waterless desert of Sahara—who dreams of rivulets of sparkling cold water and green, luxuriant meadows—so Mrs. Gordon saw naught but visions of happiness. Bright angels came and ministered to her. Her chain was gone, and she no longer felt its galling, heavy links pressing into her flesh. With her baby she went roaming through delightful places, places of the sweetest, solemnest beauty. On she floated rather than walked and after a lapse of time she began to recognize scenes familiar to her eyes in former years—the schoolhouse where she used to study, the various houses and gardens that she used to admire and notice so much when she was a child. And blessed reality—for the angels paint their pictures well—she at last beheld her mother's house. By some indefinite conveyance that she could not understand, she was brought home from England to America. She stood on the door step and raised the latch—it just made exactly the selfsame sound as it used to do—and in she bounded. There was her mother sitting in the usual place in the corner by the window sewing.

"Oh, mother! mother!

"Oh Mary! Mary! this is a surprise! Mary heard and spoke these words of interchanged surprise and welcome as plainly as any she ever

"Your husband loves me better than you!" tauntingly said she to Mrs. Gordon.

„Ihr Gatte liebt mich mehr wie Sie," sagte sie in verletzenden Ton zu Frau Gordon.

uttered in her life. And she held forth her baby toward her mother, and cautioned her against waking it up, for somehow or other she felt that if it was aroused the scene would be changed. But the mother stooping over its face kissed it fondly and it cried out.

In an instant, like the visions in the Arabian nights' entertainments, everything became a blank of darkness. And poor Mary awoke to the reality of her chain, and the horror of her captivity. She knew now she had been only dreaming, and had been summoned back from fairy land by the crying of her infant. Quickly she pressed the little one to her bosom petting in with her hand and soothing it with the endearing words of a mother's love. For a long time her frame trembled violently with the shock of reawakening to the dreadful reality of life from such a beatific illusion. But finally between the care necessary for the baby, and a firm resolution to conquer her nervousness, she became calm again, and was quite herself when about eight o'clock the next morning Sally Dunton—for such was the name of the woman who acted as her jailor—appeared with her breakfast. This consisted of a plate of meat and potatoes fried, a little pot of coffee and two slices of stale bread already buttered. The meat had been cut up, and there was neither knife, fork, nor spoon. When Mary inquired for something with which to eat her meal, Sally grinningly replied:

"Lord bless you, he said you must not have a knife, or fork, nor yet a spoon; because if you did you'd commit suicide!"

"What! kill myself!" exclaimed Mary, "Oh no, God forbid that I should ever be guilty of such a crime as that. You never fear that, so please let me have at least a spoon and a napkin."

"No, I won't get either one for you. You are not the lady of this house any more. You are only a prisoner—I am the mistress of this house now, and I want you to know it and keep your own place. That is just here in this room at the end of that chain. And mind, if you don't, he has given me free permission to cowhide you. So look out, for I shall always have it handy so as to give it to you well."

So speaking she drew forth from its concealment beneath her skirt a rawhide switch, such as dog trainers use in their business, and gave it several whistling sweeps in close proximity to her prisoner's body.

"Do you hear that!" exclaimed she, with each cut of the air that she made, and which caused Mrs. Gordon's flesh to creep with horror.

"Ha! I tell you!" she continued, if you provoke me to give you a dose of that, you'll feel as you never felt before in all your life!"

Mrs. Gordon was exceedingly hungry, and seeing that the brutal cruel woman was determined, she was obliged to submit and eat her meal with her fingers, in spite of the disgust and loathing this necessarily caused her.

"Thank you, I have had enough!" she said, when she had consumed about three fourths of the quantity that had been brought to her.

fit of desperation he drew from his pocket a revolver, and ere he could be prevented blew his brains out, killing himself instantly. So ended his miserable career. A few days since Mary Lesley who is really Gordon's lawful wife sailed for England where she will receive the great bulk of her husband's estate which after all costs are defrayed will net her somewhere about a hundred thousand dollars. Thus after all her storms and all her trouble, the much abused lady has come into a handsome fortune. Whether she will again tempt fortune by a second marriage is doubtful, after her sad experience in the first.

THE CLERGYMAN'S STATEMENT.

Rev. Mr. Tennis gives the following description of the rescue of Gordon's wife from the prison room in which she had been chained so long by her brutal husband.

"One evening about 8 o'clock a young woman called at my lodgings and sent up word that she must see me. I went down and found her much excited. She at once told me that she was lately employed in Gordon's house. Her suspicions being aroused she watched both him and the housekeeper—a woman named Dunton. The result was that she discovered a prisoner in an upper room—a woman she thought. At first I discredited her story but finally I was so impressed that I at once put on my hat and coat and took her down to Scotland Yard, where she made oath to her assertions, and a search warrant was issued the next morning. I went with an officer myself to Gordon's house. Gordon and his housekeeper were gone, no one but the servant being home. Upon reaching the room where Mrs. Gordon was confined the sight was awful. She was chained to the wall and seemed like a maniac; begging us not to beat her any more, and also to kill her and thus end her misery. The smell in the room, too, owing to the manner in which the lady had been neglected, was frightful, and made us so sick that we were obliged to hold our noses. I never saw such a sight. We loosed Mrs. Gordon from her chains, and sending for a hack hurried her into it, and drove in haste to the nearest hospital, where she was at once put under careful medical treatment.

Happily she was of a powerful constitution, and though she had been subjected to such awful brutality she rapidly improved until she was discharged. We collected funds to send her to America, whither, we had ascertained, her brute of a husband had escaped, and where we thought, as all her family and friends lived, she could have him arrested and obtain redress for her many grievances. I lately received a letter from her, and she is completely restored to health; but she said nothing about him.

REV. JOHN H. TENNIS."

"How horrible!" exclaimed both the clergyman and the police officer.

„Wie schrecklich!" riefen der Geistliche und der Polizeibeamte aus.